

---

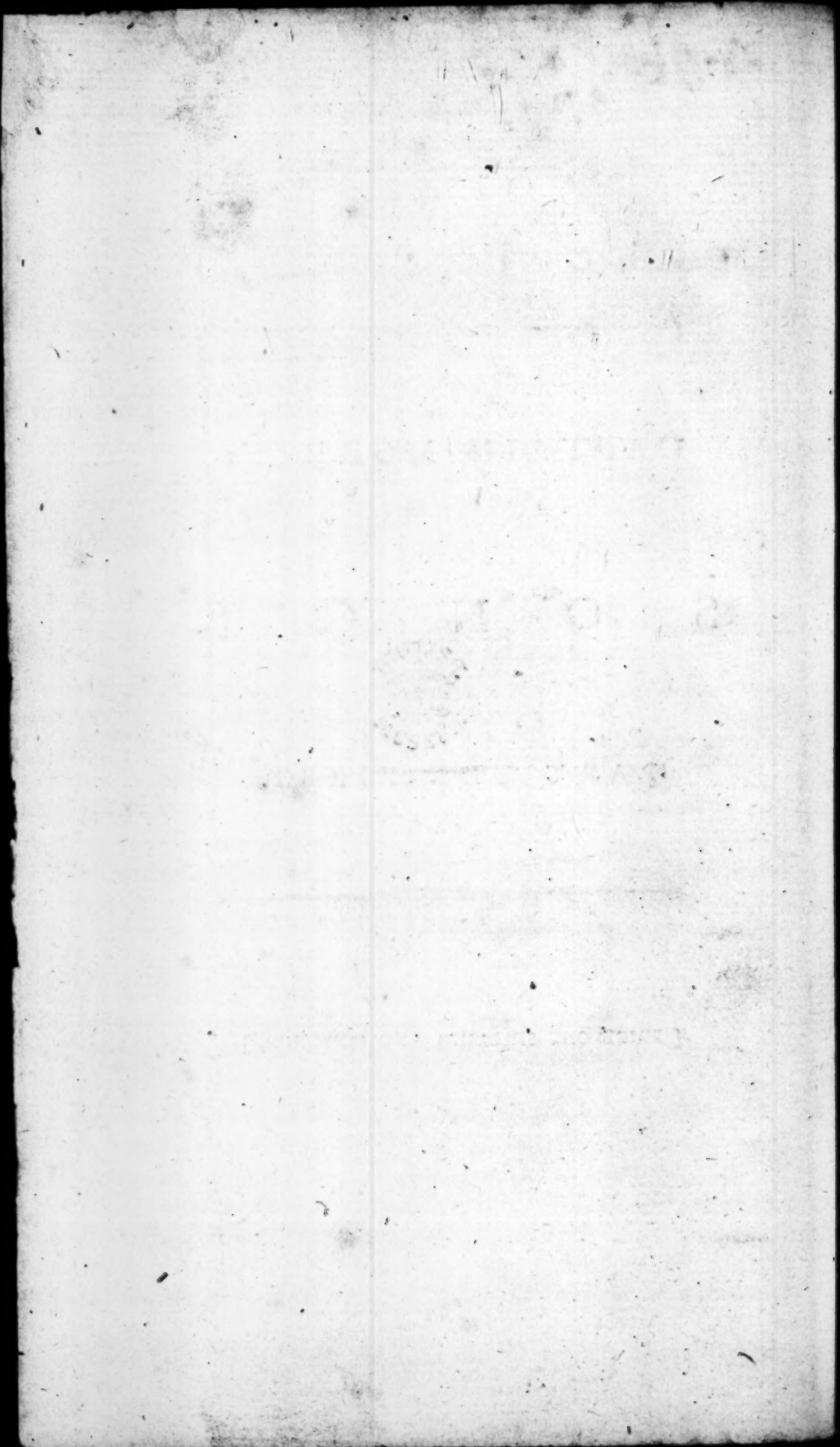
CAPTAIN MORRIS'S

S O N G S.

PART THE FIRST.

---

[ PRICE ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE. ]



A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
SONGS,

BY THE INIMITABLE  
CAPTAIN MORRIS.

---

PART THE FIRST.

---

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGEWAY, OPPOSITE  
SACKVILLE-STREET, PICCADILLY.

MDCC LXXXVI.

COLLECTION

2 5 1 2

THE LIBRARY

CASUALTY

RECEIVED

1914

THE LIBRARY

RECEIVED



S O N G S

BY

CAPTAIN MORRIS.

P A R T I.

N<sup>o</sup>. I.

BILLY, TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE US.

I,

IF life's a rough journey, as moralists tell,

Englishmen sure made the best on't:

On this spot of the earth they bade Liberty dwell,

While Slavery holds all the rest on't;

B

They

They thought the best solace for labour and care,  
 Was a state independent and free, Sir;  
 And, this thought, tho' a curse that no tyrant can  
 bear,  
 Is the *bleffing* of you and of me, Sir,  
 Then while through this whirlabout journey  
 we reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best bleffing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel—  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

II.

The car of Britannia, we all must allow,  
 Is ready to crack with its load, Sir;  
 And, wanting the hand of experience, will now  
 Most surely break down on the road, Sir;  
 Then must we poor passengers quietly wait,  
 To be crush'd by this mischievous spark, Sir;  
 Who drives a *damn'd job* in the carriage of state,  
*And got up like a thief in the dark, Sir.*  
 Then while through this whirlabout journey  
 we reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best bleffing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel—  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

They

III.

They say that his judgment is mellow and pure,  
 And his principles virtue's own type, Sir;  
 I believe, from my soul, he's a son of a w—e,  
*And his judgment more rotten than ripe, Sir.*

For, all that he boasts of, what is it in truth?  
 But that mad with ambition and pride, Sir,  
 He has the vices of age, for the follies of youth,  
*And a damn'd deal of cunning beside, Sir.*

Then while through this whirlabout journey  
 we reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel—  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

IV.

The 'squires, whose reason ne'er reaches a span,  
 Are all with this prodigy struck, Sir;  
 And cry, "'tis a crime not to vote for a man  
 "Who's as chaste as a baby at fuck, Sir;"

But pray let me ask, had his *virtue* prevail'd,  
 What soul would to heaven come near, Sir?  
 Not one—for the whole *generation* had fail'd,  
 And God's creatures had never been here, Sir.  
 Then while through this whirlabout journey  
 we reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch every turn of the politic wheel—  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

V.

It's true, h' has a pretty good gift of the gab,  
 And was taught by his dad on a stool, Sir;  
 But tho' at a speech he's a bit of a dab,  
 In the state he's a bit of a tool, Sir;  
 For Billy's pure love for his country was such,  
 He agreed to become the cat's paw, Sir;  
 And sits at the helm, while it's turn'd by the touch  
 Of a reprobate fiend of the law, Sir.  
 Then while through this whirlabout journey  
 we reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel—  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

Though



## VI.

Though reason united a North and a Fox,  
 The world of this junction complain, Sir;  
 But what's that to *his*, who join'd with a pox,  
 To the cabinet pimp of the Thane, Sir;  
 Who fold to a high-flying Jacobite gang,  
 The credit of Chatham's great name, Sir;  
 That pleas'd we might hear a young puppet harangue,  
*While J-nk-nf-n plays the old game, Sir.*  
 Then while through this whirlabout journey  
 we reel,  
 We'll keep unabus'd the best blessing we feel,  
 And watch ev'ry turn of the politic wheel—  
 Billy's too young to drive us.

## VII.

They say his fine parts are a mighty good prop  
 To push up Britannia's affairs, Sir;  
 But we all of us know, tho' he *stands* at her top,  
 Her bottom will die in despair, Sir;  
 Then with freemen who on a fair bottom would tread,  
 Here's a toast that I'm sure will prevail, Sir;  
 BRITANNIA! and *may he ne'er stand at her head,*  
*Who never can stand at her tail, Sir!*  
 Then with freemen, &c. &c.



[ 10 ]

Nº. II.

B I L L Y P I T T

AND THE

F A R M E R.

1.

SIT down neighbours all, and I'll tell a merry  
story,

About a British farmer, and Billy Pitt the Tory;  
I had it piping hot from Ebenezer Barber,  
Who sailed right from England, and lies in Boston  
harbour.

Bow, wow, wow;

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

II. This

II.

This Billy he is call'd the nation's prime ruler,  
Though he be but a puppet that's hung out to  
fool her;

His name is a passport to get in old finners,  
And he deals the cards that the knaves may be  
winners.

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

III.

Now it happ'd to the country he went for a  
bleffing,

And from his state dad to get a new leffon;  
He went to Daddy Jenky, by Trimmer Hal  
attended,

In such *good company*, good lack! how his morals  
must be mended!

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

IV. This

IV.

This Harry was always a staunch friend to  
Boston,

His bowels are warm, for they yearn for In-  
doftan,

If I had him in our township, I'd feather him and  
tar him,

With forty, lacking one, I'd lame him and I'd  
fear him.

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

V.

With his skin full of wine, and his head full of  
state tricks,

Sham reforms, commutations, and the rest of his  
late tricks,

He came back with Harry, two birds of a feather,

And both as drunk as pipers they knock'd their  
heads together.

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

VI.

Now so it fell out that this pair were benighted,  
And drove out of the road, so the statesmen  
alighted,

And to get in again, away scrambled they, Sir,  
To find the *back road* to the king's highway, Sir.

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

VII.

Long lost in the dark were these *lights* of the  
nation,

And scrambled at last to a small habitation,  
To which they march'd up, while the fowls in  
confusion,

Thought their lives were aim'd at by this bold  
intrusion.

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

VIII.

The dogs bark'd, ducks quack'd, and fore Billy  
baited,

The wife she cried out, "we be all ruinated;"

Then straightway she snatch'd up the vessel she  
p—t in,

To pour on the head of this *darkling* Philistine.

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

IX.

The husband awak'd by her rage and her  
screaming,

And shrewdly supposing his wife might be  
dreaming,

To make matters short, snatch'd his gun in  
a fury,

And cried, "Sons of Belial! I've got what will  
"cure ye."

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, ddy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

X. Then



X.

Then Billy began for to make an oration,  
As oft he had done to bamboozle the nation;  
But Hodge cried, "Begone, or I'll crack thy young  
    " crown for't;  
" Thou belong'st to a rare gang of rogues; I'll be  
    " bound for't."

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

XI.

" Now, Hodge," quoth the wife, " don't you mind  
    " his loud bantering,  
" For certain he has under his coat a dark  
    lanthorn;  
" Shut the gate of the court—if he once gets  
    within it,  
" He'll whip up the back stairs, I'll be bound, in a  
    " minute.

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

XII.

" Don't you hear how the brazen-fac'd rogue now  
 " pretends, man?

" He crept up in the dark, but for virtuous ends,  
 " man!

" He says he's our friend, but it's no such a thing,  
 " man,

" The impudent dog would say so to the King,  
 " man."

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

XIII.

Then Billy perceiving the wife in a fury,  
 And knowing his deeds would not stand woman's  
 jury,

Found the spirit of Jenky a dangerous potion,  
 And roar'd out to Harry to speak for the motion,

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

XIV. Then

XIV.

Then Harry stept up, büt Hodge shrewdly supposing  
His part was to steal, whilst the other was profing,  
Let fly at poor Billy, and shot thro' his lac'd coat;  
Oh what pity it was that it did not hit his waistcoat!

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

XV.

Solid men of Boston make no long orations,  
Solid men of Boston banish strong potations,  
Solid men of Boston go to bed at sun-down,  
And never lose your way like the loggerheads of  
London.

Bow, wow, wow.

Fal, lal, de, addy, addy; bow, wow, wow.

Nº. III.

I.

**T**HOUGH Bacchus may boast of his care-killing  
bowl,  
And Folly in thought-drowning revels delight;  
Such worship, alas! hath no charms for the soul,  
When softer devotions the senses invite.

II.

To the arrow of Fate, or the canker of Care,  
His potions oblivious a balm may bestow;  
But, to Fancy that feeds on the charm of the fair,  
The death of Reflection's the birth of all Woe.

III.

What soul that's possess'd of a dream so divine,  
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone?  
For the tear that bedews Sensibility's shrine,  
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's tun.

IV. The

IV.

The tender excess that enamours the heart,  
 To few is imparted, to millions deny'd:  
 'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,  
 And fools jest at that for which sages have dy'd.

V.

Each change and excess hath thro' life been my doom,  
 And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;  
 The bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gleam,  
 But love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.

VI.

Come then, rosy Venus, and spread o'er my sight  
 The magic illusions that ravish the soul!  
 Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,  
 And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my bowl.

VII.

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,  
 Nor e'er, jolly God, from thy banquet remove;  
 But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,  
 That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by  
 love.

Nº. IV.



Nº. IV.

THE TREATY OF COMMERCE.

*To the Tune of, "Ballynamoniora."*

I.

**T**ROTH, Mr. John Bull, y'are a pretty milch  
cow!

Oh! what do you think of us Volunteers now?

Sure I told you, the work we kick'd up in the state,  
Before it was finish'd, wou'd all be complete.

With my Ballynamoniora,

Ballynamoniora,

Ballynamoniora,

The Treaty of Commerce fot me.

II. Troth

II.

Troth I said now last year, if you'd call it to mind,  
What we left you before, we wou'd not lave  
behind,

And wasn't I right now, by hook or by crook,  
For all that we left you, is all that we took.

With my Ballynamoniora,

Ballynamoniora,

Ballynamoniora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

III.

But 'twas deadly good-natur'd in you to lay down,  
With the wrongs of our trade, all the rights of  
your own;

'Twas a mighty home stroke of magnanimous  
pride,

To brake your own backs for the thorn in our side.

With my Ballynamoniora,

Ballynamoniora,

Ballynamoniora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

D

IV. Oh!

IV.

Oh! like fools, we despair'd that our terms would  
 go down,  
 Or such sharp propositions be sweet to the Crown;  
 Then how plasing to see your proud stomachs  
 so fall,  
 When we'd thrown 'em up first that you swallow'd  
 them all.

With my Ballynamoniora,  
 Ballynamoniora,  
 Ballynamoniora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

V.

Sure I hard Master Orde now relate in his place,  
 All your bountiful gifts of superfluous grace;  
 Jafus! how we all star'd, while he empty'd his  
 sconce,  
 To find such a big bag of blessings at once.

With my Ballynamoniora,  
 Ballynamoniora,  
 Ballynamoniora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

VI. Oh

VI.

Oh! the brave British subject! his looks were so  
sweet!

When he laid down your case and your trade at  
our feet;

And the comments he made too, the wise little elf!  
To shew us that Britain's no friend to herself.

With my Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me!

VII.

Troth, it plas'd him, he said, cou'd a Briton say  
more?

That the trade of your country wou'd shift to our  
shore;

And that Britain's disasters had sunk her so low,  
The good tidings he brought us would finish the  
blow.

With my Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me!

VIII.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

IX.

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

X.

'Twou'd have bother'd my head now, the words  
Pitt let fall,

"When ye gave us so much, ye gave nothing  
"at all:"

But in Dublin I hard this interpreter swear,  
That *nothing* in England means *every thing* there,

With my Ballynamoniora,

Ballynamoniora,

Ballynamoniora,

The Treaty of commerce for me!

XI. But



XI.

But your Minister says, "Now we've got all  
" we can,

"The two States must be join'd on a permanent  
" plan;"

By my soul he's a joiner of notable cast!

Who loosens all ties now, to join us more fast.

With my Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

XII.

And he says, "When all duties and drawbacks are  
" paid,

"That the navy will want what we make by our  
" trade;"

Troth she will want it all, now he's right on that  
score,

And she'll want it, God help her! for ever and  
more.

With my Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

XIII. If

XIII.

If you wish now to know how our cards we have  
play'd,

Why we took up our clubs, and we threw down  
our spade;

So ye dealt us all trumps now for that very thing,  
And so I'm become civil as well as the King.

With my Ballynamoniora,

Ballynamoniora,

Ballynamoniora,

The Treaty of Commerce for me!

No. V.

T H F

# WESTMINSTER TRIUMPH.

I.

**W**HILE Victory smiles on patriot worth,  
 And Wisdom shouts applause, Sir,  
 What joy to think, amidst our mirth,  
 We've fought in Freedom's cause, Sir!  
 That liberty our fathers won,  
 Their sons have well defended;  
 And faithfully that duty done  
 Which Heav'n for man intended.

## CHORUS.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne,  
 For Freedom's preservation.

II. See,

II.

See, with what just, yet jealous pride,  
Our fathers watch'd the Crown, Sir!  
Beneath *their* eye no King could stride  
Beyond his legal bound, Sir:

They liv'd in loyal duty brave,  
While freedom mark'd his sway, Sir;  
But, when abus'd, that pow'r they gave,  
As quick, they took away, Sir.

CHORUS.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
When Kings misuse their station,  
That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne,  
For Freedom's preservation.

III. Look



III.

Look back, and see what blood hath stain'd  
 Our page in civil fight, Sir,  
 When *bold Prerogative* disdain'd  
 A free-born nation's right, Sir.

What tears have drown'd this widow'd land,  
 When monarchs rul'd by *will*, Sir!  
 And but for *patriot Virtue's* hand,  
 Those tears had trickled still, Sir.

CHORUS.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne,  
 For Freedom's preservation.

IV.

And now, when Britain's drooping head  
 Can scarce withstand its foes, Sir,  
 Shall he, whose talents kingdoms dread,  
 A despot frown depose, Sir?

E

V. Shall



Shall Britain's King the *Whigs* disdain,  
On whom the empire rests, Sir;  
Or, when half's lost, shall Tories reign  
The guardians of the rest, Sir?

CHORUS.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
When Kings misuse their station,  
That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne,  
For Freedom's preservation.

V.

Shall public good be thus betray'd,  
In Britain's humblest hour;  
A falling nation lose the aid  
Of Wisdom's amplest pow'r?

In

In days like these, shall fav'rites dare

To rule by court applause, Sir?

And he who loves the people, bear

No sway in Britain's cause, Sir?

CHORUS.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,

When Kings misuse their station,

That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne,

For Freedom's preservation,

VI.

Forbid it Fate, that freemen born

For public zeal be hated!

Or bend beneath that Prince's scorn

Whom Freedom's voice created,

For, no hereditary right  
 To Crowns enslaves our vows, Sir;  
 'Tis *Freedom* gives and binds 'em tight,  
 On *patriot Princes'* brows, Sir.

CHORUS.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne,  
 For Freedom's preservation.

VII.

Then, be the triumph great and gay,  
 That crowns our Champion's glory!  
 Oh, may the blest auspicious day  
 Long live in British story!

May endless honours grace that head  
 In which, with partial hand, Sir,  
 Kind Heav'n a chosen light hath shed,  
 To save a sinking land, Sir.

C H O R U S.

For Westminster's free sons have shewn,  
 When Kings misuse their station,  
 That Britons rais'd a Brunswick's throne,  
 For Freedom's preservation.

END OF THE FIRST PART.



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST  
BY JOHN BURNET  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
THE SECOND VOLUME

THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST  
BY JOHN BURNET  
IN TWO VOLUMES  
THE SECOND VOLUME

THE HISTORY OF THE  
REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

---

*This Day are published,*  
For JAMES RIDGEWAY,

Opposite Sackville-street, Piccadilly,

I. A *new Edition* of the *ROLLIAD*, Part I.  
Price 3s. 6d.

II. PROBATIONARY ODES for the *Laureatship*,  
Price 3s. 6d.

III. RIDGEWAY'S ABSTRACT of the BUDGET  
for 1785 and 1786, Price 1s.

IV. The HISTORY of the REVOLUTION which  
happened at Naples on account of a grievous Tax,  
Price 1s. 6d.

V. A Plan for reducing the National Debt with-  
out Taxation, Price 2s.

VI. A Treatise on the Causes of Depopulation,  
Price 2s.

VII. Captain Sutton's Defence, and total and  
honourable Acquittal of certain Charges exhibited  
against him by Capt. George Johnstone, Price 1s.

Where also may be had, all new Books and Pamphlets printed in London as soon as published.

\* \* All the London Newspapers are likewise served in any part of the Town as soon as published, and sent to any part of Great Britain free of Postage.—The Country Prices are,

	£.	s.	d.
For one Morning Paper, <i>per Annum</i> ,	4	10	0
One Evening Paper, <i>per Annum</i> ,	2	5	0



---

CAPTAIN MORRIS'S

S O N G S.

PART THE SECOND.

---



CAPTAIN MORRIS

S. O. H. O. S.

PARTIAL RECORD

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
SONGS,

BY  
CAPTAIN MORRIS.

---

PART THE SECOND.

---

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR JAMES RIDGEWAY, OPPOSITE  
SACKVILLE-STREET, PICCADILLY.

MDCC LXXXVI.

*The two following verses were omitted in the TREATY  
of COMMERCE, Part the First, page 33. 73*

VIII.

Besides, 'tis decreed too, in part of the gift,  
Without Irish linen you can't make a shift;  
Troth, ladies, now that's a great hearing for you,  
When the linen comes over, the YARD will come too!

With my Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me!

IX.

It was wondrous kind, this Minister of State,  
Whom they say has no PARTS but the parts in his pate,  
Has for the *Commodity* open'd a door,  
And let the great Irish STAPLE come o'er!

With my Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,  
Ballynamoniora,  
The Treaty of Commerce for me!